The World.

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OLD MACHINE STILL GOOD.

Easy Boss—Well, I don't see that I need buy a new chainless yet.

THE STRIKE AT THE DAM.

IT goes without saying that the strike now in progress at the Croton dam is of the sort most dangerous to the public peace. This, because the body of strikers is made up of men passionate, not schooled to thoughts of consequences and but little acquainted or concerned with our language and laws.

The assassination of Sergt. Douglass, occurring last evening, is a demonstration of the treacherous and violent instinct existing among these men.

It is demanded that the uprising at the dam shall be promptly and effectually suppressed. Yet the suppression must be in the interests of peace and order and with as little bloodshed as may be—without bloodshed if possible. Not the spirit of intolerance nor of revenge must move the powers of the state.

A force sufficient to overawe the riotously inclined strikers and convince them of the futility of violent manifestations will be the best instrument of peace.

If the Seventh Regiment isn't large enough to fill the bill, let more regiments be sent. The expenses of this affair will be far better paid in public dollars than in human lives.

WANTED: A VICE-PRESIDENT.

IN the last seventy-two years of this Republic no Vice-President has been re-elected. The last Vice-President to be elected President was Martin Van Buren, who first succeeded to the highest office on the death of Jackson and was then, in 1836, elected on his own account.

It is perhaps because of these facts and because, in the one hundred and eleven years of our national existence, only four out of twenty-four Vice-Presidents have been promoted through the death of the Chief Executive, that the second place in the national administration has come to be regarded with so little of the proper notion of its importance.

* * *

The men who provided for a Vice-President of the United States intended that each candidate for the office should be as carefully considered as to his ability and character as if he were to run for the Presidency itself. Indeed, at the beginning of affairs, the man who got the second largest vote for President was declared elected Vice-President. So there were found in the chair which Rough Rider Roosevelt now affects to disdain a John Adams and a Thomas Jefferson—men who afterward commanded the highest preferment on their own account.

* * *

When the late Mr. Hobart died, it was all at once discovered that the country had lost a Vice-President who had refused to be a nonentity. He had kept a hand on the helm of national legislation. He had made the Senators understand that he was there with a purpose of being a real performer—not as a shadowy Presidential possibility.

Yet it was purely by good fortune that the election of 1896 brought a man of the Hobart qualifications to preside over the Senate. The nomination fell to the gentleman from Paterson almost purely as a matter of party expediency.

Chester Alan Arthur was named for Vice-President on the grounds of politics and popularity. There were plenty of men, even of his own Republican party, who shook their heads gravely when, through the killing of Garfield, the highest mantle of state fell upon the shoulders of New York's ex-Collector. But Arthur arose to the emergency, if not in commanding yet in manly fashion. He became a dignified, a conservative and a safe Executive. It was a clear and gratifying case of the office bringing out the man.

* * *

It is pleasant to write even of the unexpected meanness of men in office. It would be not less pleasant, however, to realize that the course of national administrations were freer from chances of accident through misplaced honors; that even as the Constitution of the fathers is considered good and strong enough for general usage, so their precedents in the picking out of Vice-Presidential material might also be found worthy of honor and following.

[illegible] that the Shorter Hours bill is a law the drug [illegible] may nap between prescriptions instead of during compounding.

[illegible] Mr. Croker's sailing date is announced, [illegible] the Boys are wondering where they will [illegible]

[illegible] the shortcake is also short of strawberries.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Is It Ever a Mistake for Working Girls to Marry?

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"DO working girls ever make a mistake in marrying?" is a subject for the gravest of consideration, my dears.

For the average young girl, who has only a loving heart and the clothes she wears to bring a man, marriage with a good, strong, good-natured, good-dispositioned young man who is able and willing to take upon himself the task of supporting her should have no fears.

But the girl who has toiled long years and through her industry has been able to lay by a tidy little sum for the years when she will be no longer young and able to command wages, marriage should be a careful consideration.

The little horde which she has put by in bank, the savings of a lifetime, is more times than not a great inducement for some shrewd fellow to deliberately lay his plans to woo and win her.

If he hasn't the money to set up housekeeping he suggests that she furnish the necessary funds, and he will pay the amount back to her some day.

No doubt his intentions are the best in the world. Still I think the best way would be to let the prospective husband do the nest-building all by himself.

It is an easy thing to draw one's little all from the bank, and it can be shortly frittered away. But it would take another lifetime to get that much together again, my dear girl.

In such a case I fully believe the man should have as much money laid by as the girl has.

These thrifty girls nine times out of ten get the worst bargains in the matrimonial market.

Their money is soon gone. And what then? The scene shifts to a boarding-house; and there we find the thrifty girl at last, slaving her life out for boarders. She must do this to maintain herself—and the dear hubby when he is out of work, which happens pretty often. For why should he not take a vacation from work now and then, so long as his wife keeps the pot boiling, he thinks.

Of course they talk very fair before marriage, for they are shrewd enough to find out the girl's hobby, her likes and dislikes, and cater to her notions, telling themselves that it will be quite a different story after marriage and they have gained possession of that little sum in the bank of which she has so foolishly and confidingly boasted in a burst of enthusiastic confidence.

As the years go by there is a continual drain on that little bank account, even if she is permitted to keep it. For sickness and many other hardships will come, and if the husband has no money to meet the difficulties the wife feels in duty bound to do so.

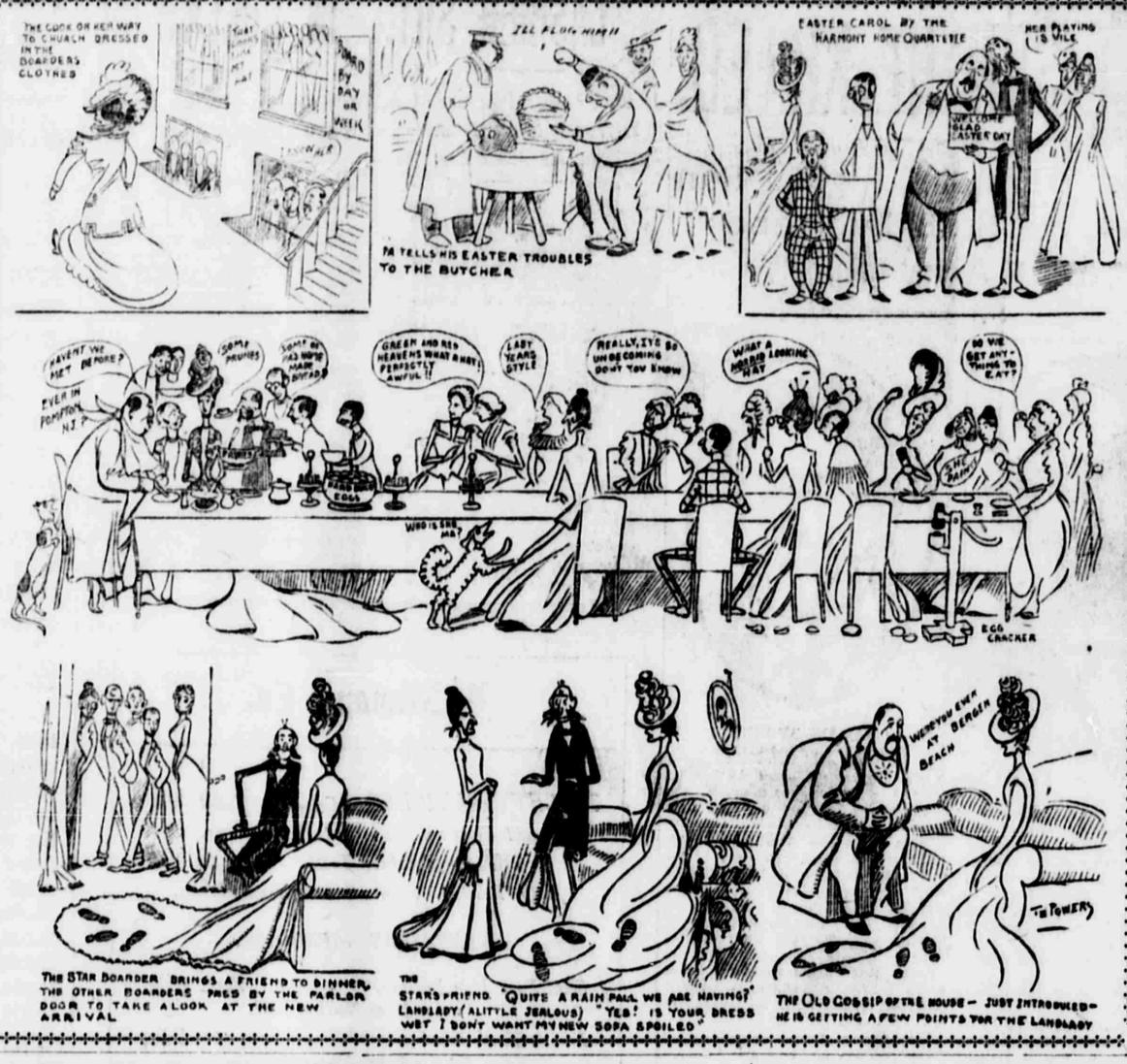
Love wisely, deliberate prudently, but do not jump from the frying-pan into the fire merely for the sake of writing "Mrs." before your name.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by permission of the Family Story Paper.

EASTER AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY T. E. POWERS.



THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

A CASE OF JEALOUSY.

GEORGE FRANKLYN, a dilletante artist—son of a very rich man—was in front of Pier No. 16 while a big ocean greyhound was making final preparations to leave her dock.

He was putting up his sketch book and in the act of turning away, when two belated women came along in such a hurry one collided with the artist.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "pardon me. But, see! we're late!"

As she spoke her eyes flashed into his pleadingly.

"ALLOW ME TO WIPE OFF THE SPRAY."

And such eyes!—deep, luminous, velvety. And such dark, rippling hair, and white teeth, and gracious expression. He was simply struck dumb. He was in love, and as the fair apologist flew on board with her maid the heart of George Franklyn followed after.

"May I be hanged!" he exclaimed, and he said it aloud—"may I be hanged if I don't go, too!"

The leviathan was three days out, and yet George Franklyn had not set eyes on the beauty of the wharf or her maid. Fortune favors the brave, however, and on the fourth day, as he leaned against the bulwarks on the lee side of the steamer, a gypsy hat, moved by the breeze, came rolling and hopping his way and he picked it up.

"Oh, sir, I'm ever so much"—

The owner of the hat said no more, but she had said enough. As for George, though his heart beat fast, he preserved a laudable composure.

"I am," he said—"allow me to wipe off the spray—the young man—ah, here is your hat—who was rude enough to brush against you last Thursday morning on shore."

"Why," said the lady, laughing and blushing vividly, as she took her hat from his hand, "it was I who transgressed. Thank you for my hat—but how—however, did you— There, I am rude once more."

"The truth is," said George, "that I fell in love with you on sight, and then and there I resolved to go to Europe on that steamer or swim across."

When George and Miss Cecilia Irving, of Baltimore, went ashore at Southampton three days later they had known each other for a century and had been engaged more than half an hour.

* * * * * * *

George called at No. 37 Hanover square and presented his card.

"Will you kindly give that to Miss Irving?" he said to the servant who opened the door.

But the next moment he saw Cecilia Irving, in street costume, a paper which looked like a check in her left hand and her right arm thrown caressingly round the neck of one of the handsomest and most distinguished-looking young men George Franklyn had ever seen.

George, turning away, sought his hotel with the idea of starting the next morning for New York. As he was entering the vestibule he met a friend—an Englishman—a dilletante like himself and a good fellow.

"Delighted to see you, old man. Why haven't you called at the club? Oh, say, you must come with me at once to the Academy of Art and see our mutual friend's picture? You know, Ned Hammersley."

The picture was a marine painting and George could not help admiring it.

"It is really fine, Marsh," he said. "I congratulate Hammersley. Tell him so from me, will you?"

"Oh, hang it, man, tell him yourself. But see—yonder is a still more beautiful picture."

George looked in the direction of his friend's glance and saw Cecilia Irving and the cavalier he had beheld in such sweet relations to her a few hours before.

"Oh, papa," cried Cecilia, as her beautiful eyes fell suddenly on the pale face of her betrothed; "papa, here is Mr. Franklyn. George, let me introduce you to my papa. But why did you leave so suddenly this morning?"

On the day of the wedding, and as George and his bride were about to start for Italy, Mr. Irving whispered in the bridegroom's ear:

"Confess, now; weren't you a little jealous of me?"

"Well, hang it! a man of forty should not look twenty-five or twenty-six. Jealous! Of course I was—not a little, but an awful lot."

THE TRUSTS' SIDE OF THE TRUST QUESTION.

By JOHN D. ARCHBOLD, Standard Oil Director.

LARGE aggregations of capital are made necessary, to a great extent, by the use of machinery, and one of their principal purposes is the adoption of the most effective machinery.

Another purpose is to obviate the waste of competition in labor, as well as in other respects, so that in many cases of combinations one man will be found able to take the place of two.

It must be admitted therefore that in the use of machinery, and also in other ways, trusts make labor more effective and require a less number of employees to accomplish a given result. It follows that laborers are temporarily displaced, and the hasty conclusion is formed that the general result is the employment of fewer laborers.

The general result is quite the reverse.

When steam looms and spinning jennies began to be adopted in England, * * * the number of spinners and weavers in England was less than 8,000. Ten years later 350,000 persons were employed in these industries, and to-day they furnish labor, directly or indirectly, to over two millions of the people of England.

The railway system is chargeable with throwing a great many men out of employment, * * * but the railways of this country give employment directly to over a million people, and indirectly to many millions more.

The effect of combination and the utilization of machinery has been particularly evidenced in the cotton manufacturing industry. One man will now do the work which required several men seventy years ago. Yet the number of laborers in this industry has increased from 62,000 in 1831 to 220,000 in 1890.

It is further claimed by enemies of trusts that the same desire for economies causes them to reduce wages as well as the number of laborers. On the contrary, the trusts doing the most successful business pay the best wages, and what is more to the purpose, they pay their wages the whole year round. A large

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

concern cannot afford to shut down any portion of the year and keep its employees idle.

One man in England and America accomplishes through the uses of machinery as much as forty men would accomplish in some other countries.

Yet more men are employed in England and America, and wages are from three to four times higher, than in the land where labor is independent. There is no escaping the fact that the most economical and successful use of capital in carrying on industry is the best for the laborer.

It is not alone the rate and certainty of wages which improves the condition of the laborer. He is also the consumer. The lower the price of products the better for the laborer, and the greater his consumption. The greater his consumption the better for the employer. The prosperity of the one means the prosperity of the other.

It is claimed that the laborer has no hope of becoming interested in the business. That also is not true. There is always room at the top, and nearly all successful managers and superintendents began as ordinary laborers. Further, in trusts or corporations, even the ordinary laborer may become interested in the business by investing savings in the stock of the concern, and hundreds of them do in this way become profit sharers.

Although much that I have said may seem to be mere theory, I know that it is all true of the business with which I am connected. It has reduced the price of its products, it has paid the best wages to its employees, and payment has been constant and certain. It has increased the number of employed, and a more faithful and better contented army of employees never existed.

A great number of small concerns could never have created the costly machinery and plants, constructed the pipe lines, built the tanks, tank cars and tank vessels, opened the markets of the world and built up the present oil business. That required combination and capital without which there would not be to-day 35,000 workmen drawing $100,000 per day in wages, thousands of persons of moderate means interested in the business and cheaper light in the palaces and huts of every continent.—The Independent.

A CROWN OF SATIN RIBBON.

Harper's Bazar showed the original of this millinery creation. The crown of satin ribbon, tied in a high bow of mauve and blue, inconspicuous as it may seem, represents the very latest and most sought color combination of the most exclusively dressed women. The brim, which gives almost the effect of a floral crown, is of pansies in purple and yellow.

NECKTIE CLASP IN VOGUE.

The old-fashioned necktie clasp is milady's latest caprice, and her present fad for fastening her flowing end scarf or ribbon tie. The picture shows it used with a ribbon, and the effect is pretty much the same when a scarf is worn.

STORIES TOLD BY JOE JEFFERSON.

AFTER I had played "Rip Van Winkle" in one of the Western cities I received a letter from a man who said my production had afforded him so much pleasure that he wanted to give me something to show me how much he had enjoyed my acting. I am too modest to repeat all the complimentary things he said about me.

The man's name was Duncan, and he had invented a spring bed known as Duncan's spring bed. The letter concluded something on this order: "I am disinterested, but I admire your art. I will send you one of my patent spring beds if when you wake in the third act of 'Rip Van Winkle' you will always say, 'I wouldn't have felt so bad if I had used one of Duncan's spring beds.'"

When I was playing in a Western city a man with the most ferocious pair of eyeglasses I ever saw came down the middle aisle of the theatre and said to me: "Mr. Jefferson, I think this starring system is pernicious."

I told him that I once thought the same way, but somehow or other a change had come over me. Said I: "When I was a stock actor I looked upon a star as a conspirator, but now I look upon all stock actors as conspirators. The starring system came into vogue about three hundred years ago. It was invented by one William Shakespeare.

"Why," said I, "Thespis was a star. He must have been, for he was the only one in the company." I went on to tell my friend that in all of Shakespeare's plays there is a central light around which the others feebly shine.

"How about 'Romeo and Juliet?'" he asked. I told him that "Romeo and Juliet" made a double

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

star that shines with a single ray.

I once went by request to Catskill, N. Y., the scene of the story of "Rip Van Winkle," to produce the play. Some people in that vicinity believe that the story of "Rip Van Winkle" is true. Before the performance and while I was eating my supper at the hotel I overheard the colored waiter telling a commercial traveller sitting near by about Rip. He said: "Yes, sah; Rip slept for twenty yeahs. Dat's so, sah. He slept so long dat dere is a hole in de rock whar his head rested, sah."

"How do you know that story is true?" asked the drummer.

The waiter pointed at me and said, "Dat's Rip hisse'f."

But I couldn't remember of ever having worn a hole in the stone.

After the performance I was invited to a reception given in my honor at the Rip Van Winkle Club. In introducing me the President of the club was greatly embarrassed over something and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I—I—I—wish to—to introduce to you Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Washington Irving!"

When Garrick and Barry were playing Romeo in London the city was divided as to which one was the best Romeo. Each actor had a widely different conception of the part. Finally the question was left to an actress who had played Juliet to both Garrick and Barry's Romeo. She answered by saying: "In the balcony scene Garrick shows so much feeling and is so earnest that I am always afraid he will spring up into the balcony after me. With Barry, he is so fascinating I fear that I shall jump down where he is."

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD

Wish-Bone Broke in Middle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The other evening two friends formulated their respective wishes over a wish-bone, according to the ancient and praiseworthy custom. During the fracture process, the "bone of contention" flew, just in half, from both prongs. What does this signify? Could it mean that both wishes were identical? What reader can tell? WELL-WISHER.

"Waistcoat" or "Vest?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish some readers of intelligence would decide which is the preferable term, "waistcoat" or "vest." My intended says "waistcoat" is correct, and that the word "vest" is as vulgar as the word "pants." We have had many disputes and now ask readers' opinions. M. I. H.

The African's Future.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Look how we of the negro race have improved in the last thirty-five years and are improving day by day. In a hundred years we will be as great as any race if we only get a chance. The colored race is quick to learn, too. I think the American people should look after their own people a little more. We just ask a chance and we will prove our ability.

A. A. J.

A Horse Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A man raises a horse and sells him for $90. He buys him back again for $80, and then sells him for $100. How much did he gain, gentle readers? L. G.

Why Do They Live in Town?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

New York's streets, rooms and tenements are overcrowded with ill-fed, ill-clad people, who die often from privation in stuffy, crowded hovels. The country for thousands of miles is open to these people. Fresh air, good employment, limitless space, health-giving ozone are theirs for the asking. Yet they stay cooped up in town through choice. Now why? I ask this question of every poor, crowded city dweller. Can any one reply? It is a vital and sane question.

POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

AIDS TO BEAUTY.

To Remove Tattoo Marks.

W. J. K.—There are several methods of removing tattoo marks. I do not think you should attempt this operation yourself. The best known process is as follows: Wash the part thoroughly with common dilute of acetic acid. Half an hour later use a mixture composed of four grains of caustic potash and one ounce of distilled water. After the lapse of another half hour use the following mixture: Dilute hydrochloric acid, one dram; distilled water, one ounce. Each of these liquids is used as a wash. They should be repeated daily. Stronger solutions are often used, but are really unnecessary if the treatment is carefully persisted in. Be cautious about leaving these acids within the reach of ignorant persons and children.

Needs Scalp Massage.

MRS. A., Little Falls.—I think this formula better than the one you ask about; but you really require scalp massage: Formula for Hair Tonic—Cologne, eight ounces; tincture of cantharides, two ounces; spirits of camphor, two ounces.

Walking Shoes.

Because high French heels are once more fashionable for house slippers and ties it by no means follows that walking shoes should be heeled in the same style. Women who dress fitly and keep their walking boots separate for their indoor foot-dressing have not changed the comfortable, moderate walking heels.

POINTS ABOUT ETIQUETTE.

Bridal Costume.

Is it proper for a bride to have strings on her hat and also carry a muff and the bridesmaid have neither of the above things, but just carry a bunch of flowers? X. Y. Z.

It would be quite proper for the bride to wear strings to her hat and to carry a muff, and not at all necessary that the bridesmaid should follow her example in these small details. Flowers are always appropriate, but it would be in better taste if the bride carried no flowers for the bridesmaid not to do so. As a matter of sentiment as well as custom the bride usually does carry flowers, which are held by the bridesmaid during the placing of the ring. A muff would be a little awkward during the ring ceremonial.

No.

If a young lady attends a dance is it proper for her, upon being asked to dance, to refer her would-be partner to her escort (the latter not a relative) to get his permission for her to dance? S. B. C. M.

Unless the young lady has promised her escort each dance on the programme it is not necessary for her to consult with him concerning any dances for which he is not engaged as her partner.

A New Horseshoe Fad.

Another fad which has caught popular fancy is the custom of wearing a silver or gold horseshoe pinned on the breast or at the back of the belt as a fastener for the skirt.